you can't get away with murder!
CRIME and JUSTICE
CDC
CRIME and JUSTICE
№18
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
10¢
STAN. CAMPBELL

Build a Fine Business... Full or Spare Time!

I'll Put a "Shoe Store Business" in Your Pocket!

You Don't Invest a Cent!
I Furnish Everything Free!

Want to have lots of money in your pocket — always? Then rush the coupon below and start toward your own business. In many ways it's better than a retail store of your own! I plan to give it to you absolutely FREE. You don't invest a penny now or ever! Be in this highly profitable business QUICK.

HERE'S WHY IT'S BETTER!

As the direct factory man handling the quick-selling line of this 47-year old, million-dollar company you have a limitless market, because everybody wears shoes. Start by selling to relatives, friends, neighbors. That will prove the fine quality leathers—superb craftsmanship—money-saving value—and unequalled comfort-fit! Then branch out on a big scale.

It's easy to fit folks in the exact style they want—no need to substitute—you draw on our huge factory stock of over 175,000 pairs plus huge daily factory production.

Sales build up from friend to friend quickly, like a snowball. Recommendations, repeat orders and new customers build you a big income in a surprisingly short time. No wonder some of our top Shoe Counselors make from $5 to $10 every hour they spend taking orders!

EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

People demand nationally advertised Mason Shoes because of their exclusive comfort features, up-to-the-minute styling. Foamy-soft exclusive Velvet-Eez Air Cushion innersole makes walking a real pleasure—like "walking on air!" Ten-second demonstration lets customer actually feel air cushion, brings quick sales!

These splendid shoes bear famous Good Housekeeping Guarantee Seal.

Velvet-eez

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
Dept. MA215 Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

BIG, STEADY PROFITS FOR YOU — NO OVERHEAD!

That's right! You have all the advantages of a profitable shoe store business *without* the expenses of rent, light, heat, etc. You are independent and invest nothing but your time. Your generous profit is ALL YOURS! No wonder Mason men are making more money than ever before. Even if you start in spare time, you will soon want to devote full time to this steady, repeat-order big-income business!

No Experience Needed... Make Money First Hour!

You need no experience to make money right away. Some men have made up to 20 sales their first day. You feature 151 styles of smart dress shoes, casual sport shoes, and practical work and service shoes for men and women, boots and fine leather jackets, too.

Sell to service station and garage men, waiters, factory workers, barbers, waitresses, nurses, housewives—everybody! Such features as Rugged Horsehide Shoes, Neoprene Oil-Resistant Soles, Gro-Cork Slip-Resistant Soles, Steel Safety Toe shoes make Mason Shoes easy to sell.

SEND NOW!

I have a powerful Selling Outfit I'm going to send you absolutely FREE as soon as I receive your coupon. This outfit includes actual 10-second demonstrator, famous Automatic Selling Plan, and features exclusive Velvet-Eez Air-Cushion shoes, fine leather jackets—other fast-selling specialties. To take advantage of this opportunity of your life, rush me the coupon below NOW! You'll be glad you did!

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT

Mr. Ned Mason, Sales Manager
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. MA-215
Chippewa Falls, Wisc.

Please put a "Shoe Store Business" in my pocket by rushing FREE and postpaid your Powerful Selling Outfit—so I can start making Big Money my very first hour!

Name .....

Age .....

Address .....

Town..... State.....

CRIME AND JUSTICE Volume 1, Number 18 April-May, 1954
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CRIME AND JUSTICE

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ COWBOY WESTERN HEROES ★ CRIME AND JUSTICE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS
KID diz this crazy comic ★ HAUNTED ★ HOT RODS AND RACING CARS ★ ZOO FUNNIES
LASH LARUE WESTERN ★ ROCKY LANE WESTERN ★ RAUKET SQUAD ★ SIX-GUN HEROES
ROMANTIC STORY ★ SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES ★ STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER WESTERN ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS ★ THE THING

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

SAX WAGNER MURDER MASTER

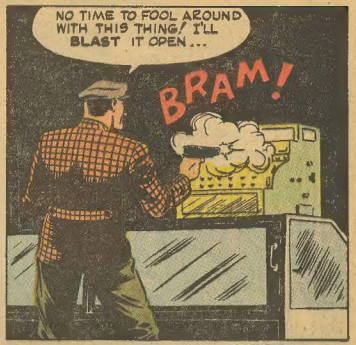
GIVE UP, WAGNER! WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, COPPER! I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE... AND NO ONE HAD BETTER TRY TO STOP ME!
ONE OF THE MOST CUNNING, SHREWD KILLERS EVER TO MATCH WITS WITH THE POLICE WAS SAX WAGNER! YET...THE VERY TRAITS THAT ENABLED HIM TO BLUDGEON HIS WAY TO THE TOP OF CRIME'S LADDER, MARKED HIM OFF FOR HIS OWN DOOM...FOR VIOLENCE AND VICIOUSNESS ARE A DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD!!
STAN. CAMPBELL

MIDAFTERNOON... A LARGE EASTERN CITY...
CABBIE... TURN LEFT AT THIS CORNER!
YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME ANY ADDRESS, BUD! WANT I SHOULD STOP AT THE END OF THE BLOCK?

CRIME AND JUSTICE

IT WILL GO OFF IF YOU TRY SOMETHING STUPID! HAND OVER YOUR DOUGH, QUICK!
HURRY UP! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY...
GIMME A BREAK, FELLAS... I GOT A WIFE AND KIDS...
SAVE IT! AND DON'T SHOOT YOUR MOUTH OFF TO THE COPS, BECAUSE IF YOU DO, WE'LL KILL YOU! WE KNOW YOUR ADDRESS JUST IN CASE YOU TALK!
WHY, YOU NO GOOD RATS! I'LL...
ARRGHH!
BAM! BAM!
YOU CROAKED HIM, JOE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS HIT HIM WITH THE BUTT!
SUBWAY
AW SHUT UP! HE WOULDA HOLLERED THE SECOND WE LEFT HIM! NO ONE'S SEEN US YET... INTO THE SUBWAY...
JUST ONE WEEK LATER... AT A LAUNDRYMAT IN THE BUSIEST PART OF TOWN...
EEEEEK! STOP THEM! THEY KILLED HIM!
SHUT UP! AND DON'T DO ANYTHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR!
LET'S BLOW! OPEN THAT DOOR, SLUGS! COME ON... WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!
HALT!
RELAX! WE'RE CLEAR NOW! WE'LL DUMP THE CAR OUTSIDE OF TOWN IN CASE ANYONE GOT THE NUMBER!
HA, HA... WHAT A BREEZE! WELL, THE BOSS TOLD US IT WOULD BE!

CRIME AND JUSTICE



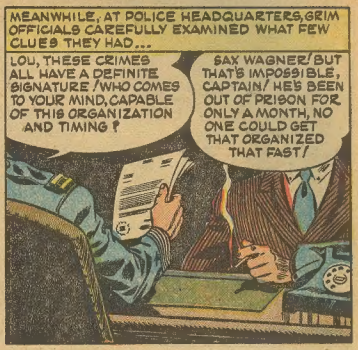
THE CITY WAS CLEARLY IN THE THROES OF A CRIME WAVE! THE TWO GUNMEN STRUCK ALL OVER TOWN, HAPHAZARDLY...DEFIANTLY! THE PUBLIC HAD BECOME AROUSED...
DAILY BUGLE
LOOT CLOTHING FIRM OF $40,000
AUTO FIRM HELD UP OWNE
CITY GLOBE
CITIZENS DEMAND ACTION!
MERCHANTS MEET ON ENFORCEMENT
THAT WAS A GOOD JOB! COUNT ON ME FROM NOW ON!
PERFECT! YOU GOT OUR COOPERATION ANYTIME!
I GOT TEN JOBS LINED UP...WHEN YOU'RE READY!
AND FROM ALL OVER TOWN, THE UNDERWORLD MADE CALLS TO ONE MAN... CONGRATULATING HIM!

THIS WAS SAX WAGNER..., EX-CON, KILLER, AND MASTERMIND OF CRIME! THIS WAS THE MAN WHO HAD SHOCKED A CITY WITH HIS VICIOUS RUTHLESSNESS...
YOU'VE DONE EXACTLY WHAT YOU SAID YOU WOULD, HONEY!
YEAH! I TOLD YOU WE'D HIT PAY DIRT... WHEN THE BIG BOYS SAW HOW WE HANDLE A JOB!

WE GOT THE CITY EATIN' OUTA OUR HAND, SAX! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
NOTHING, RIGHT NOW, SLUGS! LET 'EM STEW FOR A WHILE! JUST REMEMBER...WE'RE SELLING A SERVICE! THEY SET UP A JOB... WE CARRY IT OUT! IF THEY WANT MORE HEISTS, THEY GOT TO PAY MORE FOR 'EM!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

EACH JOB HAS TO BE PLANNED FOR DAYS! I'M GONNA WORK IT SO ALL THE BIGGIES WILL COME TO ME FOR FOOL-PROOF WORK! I'M GONNA TAKE OVER THIS CITY... LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL!


MEANWHILE, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, GRIM OFFICIALS CAREFULLY EXAMINED WHAT FEW CLUES THEY HAD...
LOU, THESE CRIMES ALL HAVE A DEFINITE SIGNATURE! WHO COMES TO YOUR MIND, CAPABLE OF THIS ORGANIZATION AND TIMING?
SAX WAGNER! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, CAPTAIN! HE'S BEEN OUT OF PRISON FOR ONLY A MONTH, NO ONE COULD GET THAT ORGANIZED THAT FAST!

HMM... I WONDER! WAGNER ISN'T AN ORDINARY THUG! IT TOOK US THREE YEARS TO PUT HIM AWAY LAST TIME... WE'RE GOING UP TO THE PRISON, LOU! I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

A DAY LATER, AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY...
AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE WAGNER HANGS OUT IN THE CITY?
NAW! HE'S A CAGEY ONE, THAT GUY! BUT YOU MIGHT TRY THE WATERFRONT BARS...

NOW BEGAN THE DANGEROUS TASK OF LOCATING THE MOST CAREFULLY HIDDEN CRIMINAL IN THE CITY! AGENT WILLIAMS WAS FLIRTING WITH SUDDEN DEATH!
THIS IS THE EIGHTH RAT-TRAP I'VE BEEN IN TODAY! HERE GOES...
AW... HOLD YER HORSES, YOU!
HEY... BARTENDER! FILL 'ER UP!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

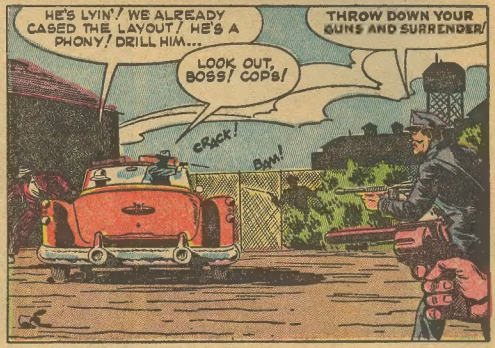
SAX AIN'T IN TOWN NO MORE! BESIDES... I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE! WHERE D'YA KNOW SAX FROM...?
WHAT'S IT TO YOU? I'LL ONLY TALK TO SAX! WHERE IS HE?

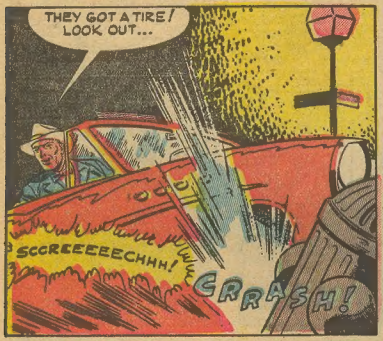
CRIME AND JUSTICE

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'LL DO! WHERE YA PROM?
THE EAST SIDE! CHECK WITH BIG PETE! I USTA TRIGGER FOR HIM! BUT NOW I HEAR SAX IS BIG... I WANT IN...
DON'T TRY TO LEAVE THIS ROOM! WE'LL BE WATCHIN' YOU! IF YOU'RE LYIN' TO US...
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT HE'S TAKEN THE BAIT...
MOMENTS LATER... IN THE STREET...
WELL?
I DUNNO, BOSS, MEBBE HE'S ON THE LEVEL!
UH, HUH... OKAY! WE'LL DO WHAT THE MAN SAYS, AND CONTACT BIG PETE! YOU STAY HERE, JOE, AND IF HE COMES OUT, PLUG HIM! LET'S GO...
RIGHT!
A HALF HOUR LATER...
YEAH... YEAH! HE'S CLEAN I TELL YA! ONE OF THE BEST TRIGGERS IN TOWN! I KNOW HIM FER YEARS... YOU CAN TRUST HIM...
THAT WAS SMART, PETE! REMEMBER... SHOOT YOUR MOUTH OFF ABOUT THIS AND I'LL SLAM SO MANY SUBPOENAS ON YOU, YOU'LL NEVER BREATHE FREE AIR AGAIN!
SURE, SURE! I'M YOUR PAL... YOU KNOW THAT! ANYTHING FER YOU GUYS!
IF LOU HADN'T TOLD US EVERYTHING IN TIME, WE'D NEVER HAVE HOPED TO COVER HIM! BUT WILL HE KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT?
HE'S AT THE END OF HIS ROPE WITH THE F.B.I. AND INTERNAL REVENUE! HE'LL DO ANYTHING TO TRY TO COOPERATE... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE...

AND AT AGENT WILLIAMS' ROOM...
OKAY... YOU'RE IN! THE BOSS CHECKED ON YA! I'M GONNA STAY HERE TONIGHT... TOMORROW WE PULL A SAFE JOB! YOU'RE FOURTH MAN!
ALL NIGHT AGENT WILLIAMS THOUGHT OF PLAN AFTER PLAN TO TIP OFF THE POLICE, THEN THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
I'M OUTA RAZOR BLADES! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
YEAH... SURE!
THAT'S RIGHT... THE BENSON WAREHOUSE... 2 P.M. SHARP! THE WHOLE GANG IS GOING ON THIS ONE! WE MEET AT SOUTH AND EBERLY...
WHAT... HI, JOE! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE OUT HERE...
WHY D'YA THINK I LET YOU ALONE? I KNEW YOU WAS A STOOLIE ALL ALONG! NOW I'M GONNA...
SMACK!
BLAM!
SPECIAL AGENT! I'M ARRESTING THIS MAN... CALL HEADQUARTERS! HURRY!
YES, SIR!
AT THE APPOINTED MEETING PLACE, AGENT WILLIAMS WAITED TENSELY AS WAGNER'S CAR SWUNG INTO THE SIDE STREET...
HERE THEY COME... RIGHT INTO THE TRAP! THIS IS IT...

HEY... WHERE'S JOE?
CASIN' THE JOINT! HE'LL BE RIGHT BACK...


HE'S LYIN'! WE ALREADY CASED THE LAYOUT! HE'S A PHONY! DRILL HIM...
LOOK OUT, BOSS! COPS!
THROW DOWN YOUR GUNS AND SURRENDER!
CRACK!
BAM!


THEY GOT A TIRE! LOOK OUT...
SCCREEEEECHHH!
CRRASH!

D-DON'T SHOOT...!

IN THE CONFUSION OF THE CRASH, WAGNER ESCAPED... AS FAR AS HIS APARTMENT!

DON'T KILL ME! I WASN'T IN ON IT!
BANG!

YOU OKAY, WILLIAMS?
YES! AND THERE'S OUR MAN, CAPTAIN! THEY NEVER LEARN, DO THEY?
THE END

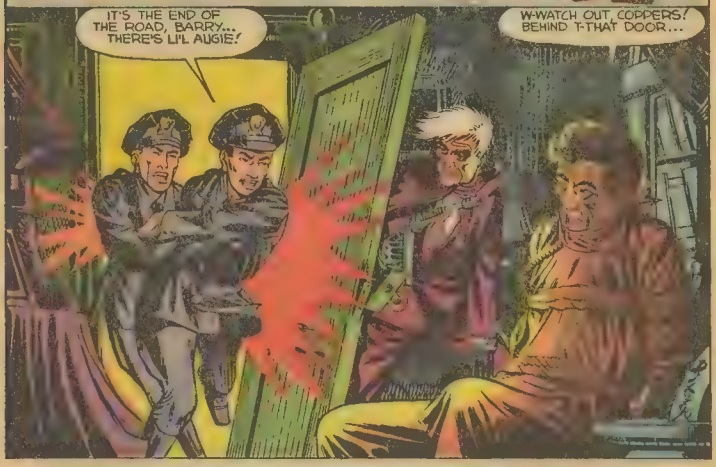
RADIO PATROL

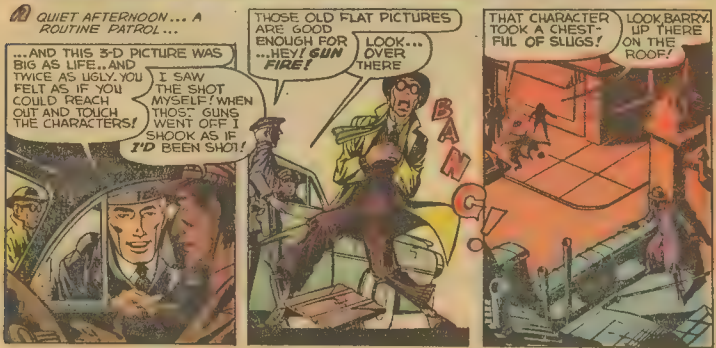
TEX

BARRY

A HAIL OF BULLETS... A MURDEROUS HIT-AND-RUN CAR.. A HANDKERCHIEF REEKING OF CHEAP PERFUME! THAT WAS THE BLOOD-SOAKED TRAIL TEX AND BARRY OF THE RADIO PATROL WERE FOLLOWING..THE TRAIL LEFT BY A...

KILLER ON THE LOOSE




QUIET AFTERNOON.... A ROUTINE PATROL...
...AND THIS 3-D PICTURE WAS BIG AS LIFE..AND TWICE AS UGLY. YOU FELT AS IF YOU COULD REACH OUT AND TOUCH THE CHARACTERS!
I SAW THE SHOT MYSELF! WHEN THOSE GUNS WENT OFF I SHOOK AS IF I'D BEEN SHOT!
THOSE OLD FLAT PICTURES ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ...HEY! SUN FIRE!
LOOK... OVER THERE
BANG!
THAT CHARACTER TOOK A CHEST-FUL OF SLUGS!
LOOK BARRY, UP THERE ON THE ROOF!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

H-HIT THE PAVEMENT, EVERYBODY... THAT MANIAC HAS A GRUDGE AGAINST THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
THIS GUY'S DEAD AS LAST YEAR'S NEWSREEL!
AND THAT KILLER UP ON THE ROOF.. HE'S SKIPPED! C'MON.. LET'S GET UP THERE, PRONTO!
NOT A SIGN OF HIM! HE COULD'VE USED ANY OF THESE OTHER ROOFS TO MAKE HIS GET-AWAY!
HE LEFT SOMETHING FOR US, ANYWAY! WE'LL CALL THE MEAT-WAGON FOR THE STIFF IN THE STREET.. AND TAKE THIS GUN TO THE LAB!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
FINGERPRINTS ARE TOO SMUDGED TO BE IDENTIFIED. THE GUN IS REGISTERED BY AUGUST TREE...
LI'L AUGIE, EH? GET GOING, LADS... FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF ALIBI THAT STOOLY HAS THIS TIME!
A PATROL SIREN SHRIEKS AND, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...
MR. TREE AIN'T BEEN HERE FOR THREE-FOUR DAYS, OFFICERS. HE GOT INTO HIS CAR AND JUST DISAPPEARED!
THANKS, LADY! IF HE CHECKS IN PLEASE CALL THE PRECINCT HOUSE ...BEFORE YOU TELL HIM WE'VE BEEN HERE!
ROOMS
TWO HOURS LATER...
VOOM!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

W-WATCH OUT!
N-NO! YIPP!
H-HE CRASHED INTO HER AS.. AS IF HE MEANT TO!
CAR ONE... HIT-AND-RUN ACCIDENT REPORTED AT BLENHEIM STREET AND DRAKE AVENUE! DROP WHAT YOU'RE DOING, TEX AND BARRY .. GET OVER THERE FAST!
LET THE POLICE THROUGH, FOLKS! C'MON... MAYBE THEY CAN STILL CATCH THAT MANIAC! I COPIED DOWN HIS LICENSE NUMBER AS HE WENT AROUND THE CORNER! HERE, OFFICERS ... HURRY!
THAT'S RIGHT..C-1540! SURE, I'M WAITING... SPEED IT UP IF YOU CAN! YOU'VE CHECKED IT ALREADY? GO AHEAD.. THE CAR BELONGS TO.. WHO?
C-1540
THAT MURDER CAR BELONGS TO LI'L AUGIE! FIRST THE GUNNING IN BROAD DAYLIGHT OVER ON MORTIMER STREET.. NOW THIS! QUITE AN AFTERNOON FOR MR. TREE!
AUGIE'S A TWO-BIT STOOL PIGEON, NOT A KILLER! AND YET...

CRIME AND JUSTICE

ONCE AGAIN THEY ROAR TOWARD A SHABBY ROOMING-HOUSE, WHERE...
MR. TREE AIN'T BACK YET...IT'S LIKE HE'S BEEN SWALLOWED UP! IS IT RIGHT AND PROPER FOR ME TO LET YOU INTO HIS ROOM?
WE'RE WEARING OUR CREDENTIALS, MA'M. CHECK WITH THE MAYOR IF YOU'RE WORRIED.. BUT OPEN THAT DOOR!
NOTHING DISTURBED HERE.. NO SIGN OF AUGIE PLANNING TO VAMOOSE! SAY... THIS PLACE SMELLS LIKE A TEN CENT DANCE HALL!
PERFUME... QUARTER-A-GALLON TYPE HERE..THIS HANDKERCHIEF!
WE'RE NO CLOSER TO FINDING AUGIE THAN WE WERE BEF... WHEW! YOU CAN SMELL THIS STUFF A MILE AWAY!
NO TIME TO BE SICK, TEX! LET'S CHECK BACK AND SEE IF HOMICIDE'S FOUND ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THOSE TWO KILLINGS!
AN HOUR OF FEVERISH ACTIVITY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS PASSES, THEN...
MM... GLBB..
CHOKE IT OFF, BROTHER! IT WON'T DO YOU NO GOOD...
I BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!
AYEE!

SO LONG, SUCKER... NOW WE'RE SQUARE! THIS MAKES THREE DOWN... ONLY NINE MORE TO GO!
AGAIN THE PATROL CAR RADIO SQUAWKS... AND AGAIN TEX AND BARRY ARE FACED WITH GRISLY MURDER!
GOOD LORD, ANOTHER ONE! A WHOLE INSANE ASYLUM MUST'VE BUSTED LOOSE IN ONE AFTERNOON TO...HMM. SOMETHING IN THE AIR!
THAT PERFUME ...IT'S HERE!
THE GUN.. THE CAR.. THE CHEAP PERFUME. . ALL BELONGING TO AUGIE TREE! MUCH TOO PAT IF YOU ASK ME! KILLERS DON'T GO AROUND ADVERTISING!
CHECK! I'VE GOT THIS POOR GUY'S IDENTIFICATIONS, BARRY... LET'S GET TO HEADQUARTERS AND DO SOME BRAIN WORK!
THE HOURS PASS AS THEY LOOK THROUGH TONS OF FILES. THEN, IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE..
WE'VE BEEN WORKING LIKE BEAVERS ON THE NAMES OF THOSE THREE VICTIMS TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY HAD IN COMMON ... WHO HAD REASON TO HATE THEM! AND HERE'S WHAT WE CAME UP WITH...
THE THREE VICTIMS SERVED TOGETHER ON A JURY FOUR YEARS AGO... THEIR NAMES TOPPED THE ALPHABETICAL LIST OF JURORS. THE NEXT NAME ON THE LIST IS HARKNESS... LET'S HOPE HE'S STILL BREATHING! GET GOING, YOU TWO... THERE ISN'T A SECOND TO LOSE!
JOHN ARCHER A
NTENCED
CAN'T RISK USING THE SIREN... MIGHT SCARE THE KILLER AWAY WHILE HE STALKS HIS NEXT VICTIM! WHAT'S THE MATTER, BARRY? YOU NERVOUS?
D-DON'T BE SILLY! I ENJOY HURTLING THROUGH CITY STREETS AT 85 MILES PER... IT'S A HATFUL OF LAUGHS! BRRR!

ANXIOUS MINUTES PASS AS THE RADIO PATROLMEN CARRY OUT A LAST MINUTE SCHEME. THEN, OUTSIDE THE HARKNESS APARTMENT...
THE CHIEF'S HUNCH WAS RIGHT, TEX! THERE'S THE KILLER.. UP THERE!
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!
JUST LISTEN TO THAT SONG HE'S PLAYING! TIME HE RAN INTO A LITTLE DISCORD.. WHO EVER HE IS!
YOU COVER 'IM FROM HERE, TEX ... I'LL TRY TO HEAD 'IM OFF BEFORE HE GETS TO THE ROOF!
THE LONGER I STICK MY NECK OUT AS A TARGET.. THE MORE CHANCE BARRY HAS TO CUT OFF THAT GORILLA!
GOOD OL' TEX.. PUFF!.. HELD 'IM OFF LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO... OH,OH! HE'S SPOTTED ME! TIME FOR JUST ONE SHOT BEFORE HE AIMS THAT MACHINE GUN AT ME!
I JUST NICKED 'IM ... NOT ENOUGH TO STOP THAT BUTCHER! AND THAT FIRST VOLLEY GOT ME IN THE LEG!
STAY AWAY, COPPER! FOLLOW ME AND YOU'LL GET A DEPARTMENT FUNERAL!
RAT-A-TAT!
THIS IS KIND OF MAKESHIFT, BUT IT'LL HOLD FOR AWHILE! YOU SEE WHO HE WAS, BARRY?
THAT JURY LEAD OF THE CHIEF'S HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD! THAT GORILLA IS DAN COROT.. JUST OUT ON PAROLE! C'MON..WE'LL TRACK HIM ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS! HE'S LEFT A TRAIL HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE HE CAME DOWN INTO THIS BUILDING? AND WHY THIS FLOOR?
MY NOSE TELLS ME, TEX! QUICK ... THAT DOOR OVER THERE! LET'S GIVE IT THE OLD HEAVE-HO!
W-WATCH OUT, COPPERS! HE..HE'S BE-HIND THAT DOOR!
H-HOW'D YOU TAIL ME HERE? ...SHUT UP, YOU LITTLE PUNK... I'LL GIVE YOU A BELLYFUL...
NO TIME TO ARGUE WITH A MADMAN, BARRY... LET HIM HAVE IT!
ARGH!
BLAMM!
WE KNOW COROT DECIDED TO KILL EVERY MEMBER OF THE JURY THAT SENT HIM TO PRISON 4 YEARS AGO.. BUT HOW DO YOU FIT INTO THIS NIGHTMARE?
IT.. IT WAS MY TESTIMONY THAT CLINCHED THE CASE AGAINST 'IM! HE WAS OUT TO GET ME.. BY USING MY GUN AND CAR... AND MAKING IT LOOK LIKE I WAS THE MURDERER!
HE GRABBED ME THE DAY HE GOT OUTTA PRISON.. I BEEN HERE EVER SINCE! LUCKY FOR THE REST OF THE JURORS THAT WE ONLY GOT AS FAR AS THE FIRST FOUR ON THE LIST!
THREE, AUGIE! THE MAN HE THOUGHT WAS HARKNESS WAS A DUMMY WE SET UP A MINUTE BEFORE HE GOT THERE! C'MON.. WE'LL DRIVE YOU BACK TO YOUR HOUSE!
IF COROT HADN'T BEEN SO METHODI-CAL ABOUT GOING DOWN THAT LIST IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER, WE MIGHT STILL BE TRIPPING OVER BODIES!
AND IF AUGIE TREE DIDN'T USE THAT FOUL PERFUME OF HIS WE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TRACK THE KILLER TO THE ROOM HE WAS USING! NICE OF COROT TO BORROW AUGIE'S PERFUME AND.. PHEW! THIS IS WORSE THAN 3-D!
the End

MAIL MURDER

The five men seated in the living room of the country house of John P. Alter had one thing in common. They were all expert killers — tops in their field. Mike Santos and Lou Getter could handle tommy guns with deadly precision; Gene Bartos could throw a grenade better than you could a baseball; Slim Jugis could blast his way out of any situation with an automatic shotgun; and Frank Dee was an expert marksman with a .45 automatic.

"Why do you think Mr. Alter sent for us?" asked Mike. "It must be something big. And since we are all here, it looks as though he must have a lot of killing planned."

The underworld had a lot of respect for the man who could plan a big crime and get away with it. They always put the "Mr." before his name. And Mike Santos voiced his thoughts.

"Bet it goes into a lot of dough. We should get at least thirty grand for our work."

The door of the living room opened, and a dignified man walked in. He was tall, with jet black hair that had a touch of gray at the temples and a smooth face. His suit came from the best tailor in the city.

"If you will follow me downstairs to my workshop," he announced, "we can get started at once. However, I will satisfy you about two points: You will have to kill five men; and your share of the enterprise will amount to $30,000 each."

Downstairs in the recreation room the men all gathered around a long table. On it were toy cars and small cardboard buildings. The table was marked into streets and definitely was a reproduction of some actual layout.

"The corner building is the United States Post Office," began Mr. John P. Alter. "As a result of the many paymaster robberies in this city, a new safe system has been devised to deliver the cash to factories and offices. The largest Post Office truck is used to deliver the money. It is followed by a police prowl car with two officers. There are one driver and two guards on the truck. We kill all of them. Simple as that!"

"But how are you going to get the truck to stop?" asked Mike Santos. "And how will you get the men out of the truck?"

"I have given much attention to that," replied Mr. John P. Alter, "and I have something entirely new. Never been used before in the field of crime. The windshield wiper will be tampered with so that it doesn't work. A large cement mixer truck will be driving ahead of the Post Office truck. This cement mixer truck is run on Diesel fuel, and the exhaust comes out from a pipe. When it hits the air, drops of water will be formed. In case you ever studied chemistry, which I doubt, you might know that you can make water with hydrogen and oxygen. The oxygen is in the air and the hydrogen comes from that exhaust. The driver will have to stop his Post Office truck and clean the window. The police car will stop to see what is wrong. That is when you blast them off this earth."

Sergeant Donald Campbell was at the wheel of the police car. He had something on his mind, and he expressed himself to his friend, Officer Peter Mertz. "My father-in-law is becoming a problem. Elsie and I were arguing about him last night. The old man hardly has a sober minute. He spends all his cash for drink. I think I will contact some social group and see what they can do for me."

"That should be your only problem in life," replied Officer Peter Mertz. "Last night the wife and I went over the budget. No matter how we figure, somehow I'm always short at the end of the week. Hey, the truck stopped and the driver is getting down. We better see if anything is wrong."

Murry Cooper was puzzled as he stopped the big mail truck he had been driving. It was a beautiful sunny day and yet there was rain on his windshield. He found he was unable to use the automatic wiper because the blade stuck. So he stopped the car and spoke to the guard sitting next to him.

"Maybe it is a sunshower. I'll have to fix the windshield wiper. Otherwise I can't see where I am driving."

As he tried to climb over the hood of his motor to move the windshield wiper, a blast from an automatic shotgun finished him. A hand grenade tossed into the cab of the truck finished the two guards. Neither of the cops had a chance to fight. A machine gun blast mowed them both down. Seconds now were of vital importance as men and women in the street began to run and shriek for help.

CRIME AND JUSTICE

"Get the bags of money out from inside the truck and pass them to me," ordered Mr. John P. Alter. "We have to work fast before somebody calls for help."

With clock-like efficiency the killers looted the truck. Then they ran with the bags into a waiting sedan, which soon sped away. The car went but a quarter of a mile before entering a small, private two-car garage.

"You fellows will leave all your guns in the sedan," ordered Mr. John P. Alter. "Now you put on sportsman clothing and each takes a fishing rod and box of tackle. I have a false bottom in the suburban car. Open the bags quickly and place the money where I show you."

A fortune was soon transferred to the suburban car. Then the door to the garage opened, and the car was headed out to route 23-A, which led to Sommersville Lake. However, the car approached a road block.

"What do we do now," asked Mike Santos, who was sitting next to Mr. John P. Alter. "We aren't armed and can't put up a fight if trouble should begin."

"This is where my brains do the trick," replied Mr. John P. Alter, as he brought his car to a stop. "Keep quiet and let me do the talking."

An officer came up to the car, and Mr. John P. Alter simply asked what was wrong.

"Looking for a bunch of killers," replied the officer. "They were in a blue sedan. A woman got the first three letters of the license plate. The most cold-blooded crime I ever heard about in my time on the force. Killed five men. Stole a large cement mixer truck and with it blocked off a U.S. Mail truck."

"We are headed towards Sommersville Lake," said Mr. John P. Alter. "Do you think we should turn back. We wouldn't want to take a chance of meeting a group of killers."

"Go ahead and enjoy yourselves," replied the officer. "Not a chance in a million you'll meet them. And here's wishing you get the big fish and don't let him escape."

The car went through the road block and the officer stopped the next car and questioned the occupants. There were little beads of perspiration on Mike Santos' forehead.

"No wonder you are tops," he complimented the man at the wheel of the car. "I bet you could talk the Devil himself into anything you wanted him to do."

"It could be," replied Mr. John P. Alter with evident satisfaction in his voice. "We are going back to my summer place. There we will divide the money and make plans on how to stay out of the clutches of the law."

The car stopped at the entrance to the house. The six men started walking downstairs to the recreation room. Suddenly the door shut tight, and there were only five.

"Where is Mr. Alter?" shouted Lou Getter, as he tried to turn the knob of the door. Then he banged on it and screamed in agony.

"It's a steel door! The louse has trapped us in here. He's got all the dough."

The men immediately pulled aside a curtain, and then made a terrible discovery. There wasn't a single window in that basement recreation room!

"He isn't just going to let us stay down here," shouted Frank Dee. "I bet that dirty dog is going to call the cops."

No sooner had he finished that last thought of his, then it became his last thought on this earth. A terrific explosion blew the building to pieces and killed the five men trapped below in the recreation room.

"A fine piece of planning," said John P. Alter to himself as he headed his car slowly down a steep road. "All that money for myself. I'll fly to South America and remain there the rest of my life."

When the car reached the bottom of the hill, he stepped on the gas. He rounded a curve at full speed — and then saw in front of him a large truck. The driver of the truck tried to stop, but it was too late. The truck smashed the suburban car as though it were made out of paper.

"He'll be dead within five minutes," said Dr. Willard Morrison to Captain John Simmonds. "You won't be able to question him. And to think he had all that money hidden in the car. I guess you figure he killed his fellow criminals."

"I'd like to be able to tell him there is Justice in this world," replied the police officer. "The truck that finished him was none other than the stolen cement mixer he used in the crime. It was being returned to its lawful owner at the time of the accident."

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MAR. 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF CRIME & JUSTICE published Bimonthly at Derby Conn. for September 30, 1953.

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Business Manager — John Santiago, Derby, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

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BURTON N. LEVY, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September 1953.

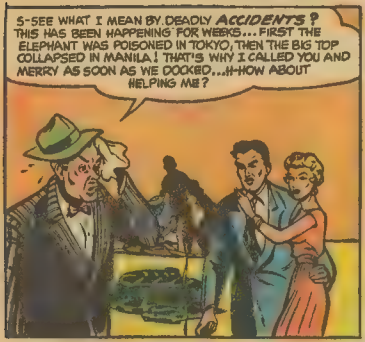
(SEAL)

Sydney Kaldeck (Notary Public)

(My commission expires April 1, 1957)

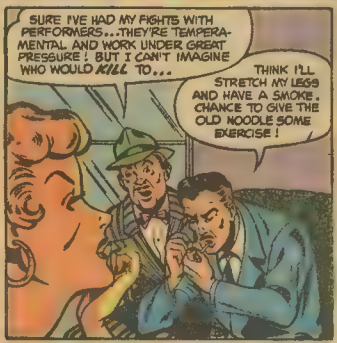
WHILE THE ONLOOKERS WATCHED IN PARALYZED FEAR CURT AND MERRY CHASE RAN SLAM-BANG INTO....
TERROR UNDER THE BIG TOP
...AND THESE ACCIDENTS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING SO OFTEN THAT I'M SURE SOMEONE IS OUT TO WRECK MY CIRCUS. THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU, CURT, TO HELP... GOOD GRIEF!
T-THAT HIDEOUS SNAKE! IT'S BROKEN FREE... ABOUT TO CRUSH THAT POOR GAL....!
AIEEEE!
IF YOU'RE JUST GOING TO STAND THERE AND GAWK, OFFICER, I'D LIKE TO BORROW THIS GUN OF YOURS... BEFORE WE ALL LOOK LIKE A BATCH OF SQUEEZED-OUT ORANGES!
YOU MAY BE ONE OF THE BIGGEST ATTRACTIONS IN DON GRATER'S BIG TOP CIRCUS, PAL...
BUT YOU'RE A TRIFLE TOO EMBRACEABLE FOR SAFETY!
BRANGGG!
BRANGGG!

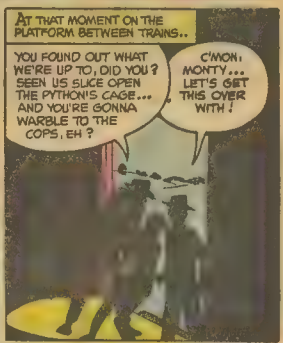
CRIME AND JUSTICE


S-SEE WHAT I MEAN BY DEADLY ACCIDENTS? THIS HAS BEEN HAPPENING FOR WEEKS... FIRST THE ELEPHANT WAS POISONED IN TOKYO, THEN THE BIG TOP COLLAPSED IN MANILA! THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU AND MERRY AS SOON AS WE DOCKED...H-HOW ABOUT HELPING ME?

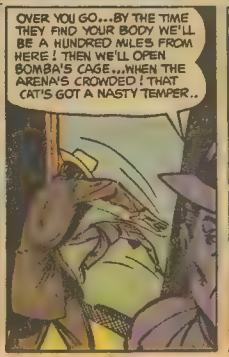
SOMEONE IS OUT TO WRECK THE SHOW...AND ME! WE'VE ALREADY GOT A BAD PRESS...ONE MORE ACCIDENT AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO GIVE TICKETS AWAY! HELP AN OLD FRIEND... C-COME ALONG WITH THE SHOW AND KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS! PLEASE!

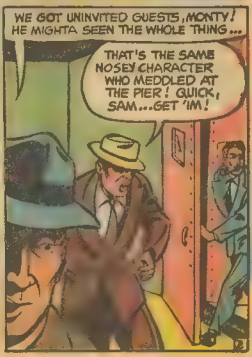
AND SO, SEVERAL HOURS LATER, ON A TRAIN THAT ROARS THROUGH THE COUNTRY-SIDE...


SURE I'VE HAD MY FIGHTS WITH PERFORMERS...THEY'RE TEMPERA-MENTAL AND WORK UNDER GREAT PRESSURE! BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE WHO WOULD KILL TO...
THINK I'LL STRETCH MY LEGS AND HAVE A SMOKE. CHANCE TO GIVE THE OLD NOODLE SOME EXERCISE!


AT THAT MOMENT ON THE PLATFORM BETWEEN TRAINS..
YOU FOUND OUT WHAT WE'RE UP TO, DID YOU? SEEN US SLICE OPEN THE PYTHON'S CAGE... AND YOU'RE GONNA WARBLE TO THE COPS, EH?
C'MON, MONTY... LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!

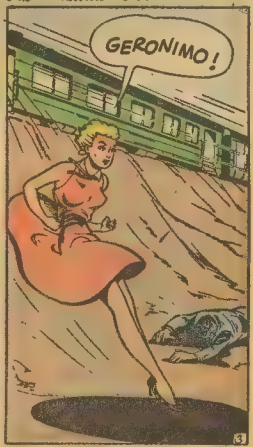
D-DON'T, MONTY! I'LL NEVER TELL ABOUT... ARGHH!
YOU'LL NEVER REACH LOTUSVILLE, CHUM! ONE MORE DEATH SHOULD SETTLE CRATER'S HASH...AND YOU'RE IT!


OVER YOU GO...BY THE TIME THEY FIND YOUR BODY WE'LL BE A HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE! THEN WE'LL OPEN BOMBA'S CAGE...WHEN THE ARENA'S CROWDED! THAT CAT'S GOT A NASTY TEMPER..


WE GOT UNINVITED GUESTS, MONTY! HE MIGHTA SEEN THE WHOLE THING...
THAT'S THE SAME NOSEY CHARACTER WHO MEDDLED AT THE PIER! QUICK, SAM...GET 'IM!

AT THE SAME MOMENT, NEAR A WINDOW ON THE SAME SIDE OF THE SPEEDING TRAIN...

A FRANTIC RUSH BRINGS MERRY CHASE TO THE OPEN PLATFORM, WHERE...



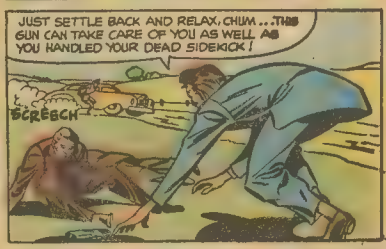
TRAIN'S DISAPPEARING AT FULL-SPEED, AND I DIDN'T EVEN THINK TO PULL THE EMERGENCY CORD! B-BUT CURT...I WONDER IF...IF HE...
OOOH! I FEEL AS IF I'VE FALLEN A THOUSAND FEET!
THANK YOUR STARS YOU LANDED ON YOUR HEAD, CURTIS CHASE... OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT'VE BEEN HURT!
DON'LL HAVE THE TRAIN STOPPED AND THEY'LL COME FOR US! I'VE GOTTEN TO THE BOTTOM OF...
I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO SAW YOU! DON WAS LOOKING AFTER THE ANIMALS WHEN YOU DID YOUR SWAN DIVE! WHAT'S THAT COMING ALONG THE TRACKS?
IF IT TURNED OUT TO BE A DINOSAUR I WOULDN'T EVEN BLINK!
IT'S ONE OF THOSE HANDCARS BURNING UP THE TRACKS AT ABOUT TEN MILES PER! HEY, MISTER!
SORRY TO SAY, FOLKS...BUT THERE AIN'T A HOUSE, PHONE OR ROAD ALONG THIS TRACK 'TIL YOU REACH LOTUSVILLE! YOU'RE WELCOME TO COME ABOARD THIS IF...
IT'S BETTER THAN WALKING, SIR! C'MON, CURT... HOP ON!
SEVERAL JARRING, BACK-BREAKING HOURS LATER...
NICE HAVING COMPANY LIKE YOU FOLKS! THIS JOB GETS KINDA LONESOME...
IT WARMS THE COCKLES OF MY HEART TO KNOW ...:GASP!...THAT SOMEONE'S ENJOYING THIS RIDE!

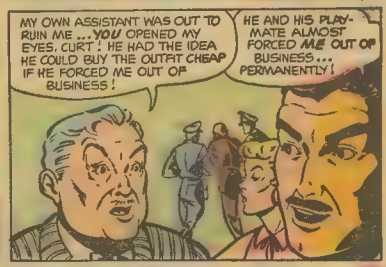
CRIME AND JUSTICE

T-THERE IT IS ... THE BIG TOP'S ALREADY SET UP! QUICK, PUMPKIN... PRAY THAT WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
'BYE, MR. IRON HORSE... THANKS FOR THE CALISTHENICS!
BIG-TOP SHOW
HOLD THAT LINE... STOP THE PRESSES! ANYTHING EXCITING HAPPEN WHILE WE WERE GONE, DON?
W-WHY... IT'S CURT AND MERRY CHASE! I-I THOUGHT YOU TOOK A RUN-OUT POWDER ON ME!
EXCEPT FOR ONE OF THE CLOWNS DISAPPEARING MYSTERIOUSLY, THERE HASN'T BEEN A HINT OF TROUBLE!
CUT THE RENDEZVOUS SHORT, LADS... LOOK!
WHY... WHO MOVED BOMBA'S CAGE INTO THE ARENA? AND I-IT'S BEING OPENED!
JUST WHAT WE CAME TO WARN YOU ABOUT, DON! EXCUSE ME... I'VE GOT BUSINESS DOWNSTAIRS!
LION... LOOSE IN THE ARENA!!
TALLY HO! SEE YOU SOON... ..I HOPE!
RACING INTO THE CENTER OF THE ARENA, CURT'S GYRATIONS ATTRACT GRAVE ATTENTION...
C-CLEAR OUT OF THE ARENA... WHILE I DISTRACT THIS LUMP OF MUSCLE AND TEETH!
IF I DIDN'T KNOW THAT DAFFY HUSBAND OF MINE, I'D SAY HE WAS ON THE SHORT END OF THIS TUSSLE! HE MAY HAVE SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE... BUT I'D BETTER MAKE SURE!

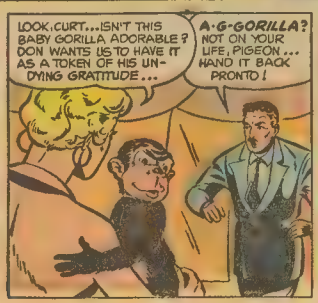
ROARRRR!
T-THAT MONSTER'S GAINING ON ME! HAVE TO...? PUFF?... GET TO THAT RAILING BEFORE...OOOOF!
H-HURRY, DON...GET THAT PRESSURE UP TO MAXIMUM! IT...IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO SAVE CURTIS!
GRRRR!
AS THE SNARLING KILLER CLOSES IN, FANGS BARED, HE IS HIT HEAD-ON BY...
GOOD F-FIRE HOSE! THAT BLAST OF WATER'S STOPPING THE CAT IN HIS TRACKS!
SWISH!
T-THAT MUGG WE TOSSED OFF THE TRAIN...HE'S COME BACK AND LOUSED UP OUR ACT AGAIN!
NEVER MIND THE TEARS, SAM...HE'S PUTTING THE FINGER ON US! C'MON... WE GOTTA CLEAR OUT!
THE CAR PARKED NEAR THE TENT ...WE CAN MAKE OUR GETAWAY IN IT! THE LOCAL COPS WON'T SHOOT WITH ALL THESE YOKELS STANDING AROUND!
FOLLOW ME, BOYS...FIRST PRIZE IS THIS WAY!
THOSE TWO GUYS ARE YOUR VILLAINS, DON...TAIL ME WHILE I SIDETRACK THOSE BIMBOS!
ROWRRR!

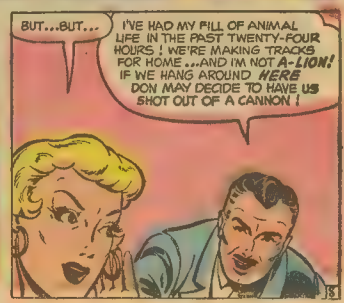
ZOOM!
LUNGING RECKLESSLY OVER THE UNEVEN TERRAIN, CURT GAINS ON THE FLEEING DESPERADOES INCH-BY-INCH...
THIS HEAP IS WIDE OPEN... GOT TO GAMBLE EVERYTHING NOW...
VROOOOM!
THAT...THAT CRAZY MEDDLER'S CUTTING RIGHT IN FRONT OF US! SWING WIDE... WIDE!
T-THE WHEEL'S OVER AS FAR AS IT'LL GO, MONTY!
SCREEECHH!
LEAPING FROM THE SCOOTER WHILE IT IS STILL IN MOTION, CURT WATCHES AS...
T-THE JERK...HE'S RAMMED US! WE'RE GONNA TURN OVER!
CRASH!
THE GAME'S UP, BOYS... THIS IS THE FINAL WHISTLE!
YOU WANT US...YOU GOTTA COME AN' TAKE US, SNOOPER!
HOLD ONTO 'IM FOR ONE SECOND, SAM...THIS TIME I'M GONNA MAKE SURE MR. BUSYBODY DON'T WALK AWAY!
SEEMS TO ME...? PUFF! ...I'VE HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE...




MY OWN ASSISTANT WAS OUT TO RUIN ME ...YOU OPENED MY EYES, CURT! HE HAD THE IDEA HE COULD BUY THE OUTFIT CHEAP IF HE FORCED ME OUT OF BUSINESS!
HE AND HIS PLAY-MATE ALMOST FORCED ME OUT OF BUSINESS... PERMANENTLY!

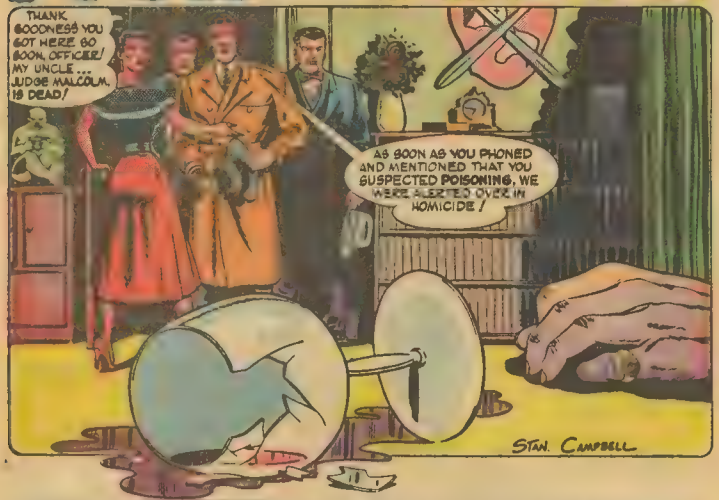
A SHORT TIME LATER, AFTER CURT CHASE HAS HAD A CHANCE TO SOAK HIS BRUISES...

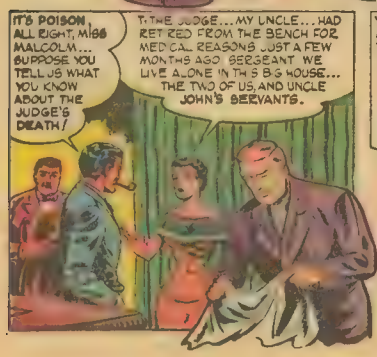

LOOK, CURT...ISN'T THIS BABY GORILLA ADORABLE? DON WANTS US TO HAVE IT AS A TOKEN OF HIS UN-DYING GRATITUDE...
A-G-GORILLA? NOT ON YOUR LIFE, PIGEON... HAND IT BACK PRONTO!


BUT...BUT...
I'VE HAD MY FILL OF ANIMAL LIFE IN THE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! WE'RE MAKING TRACKS FOR HOME...AND I'M NOT A-LION! IF WE HANG AROUND HERE DON MAY DECIDE TO HAVE US SHOT OUT OF A CANNON!

IN THE SILVER TRAY BEFORE THE RETIRED JUDGE REPOSED AN UNOPENED BOTTLE OF PORT WINE, A CAREFULLY SCRUBBED GLASS, AND...

A SIP OF DEATH

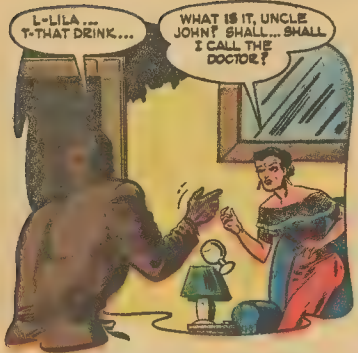

THANK GOODNESS YOU GOT HERE SO SOON, OFFICER! MY UNCLE... JUDGE MALCOLM, IS DEAD!
AS SOON AS YOU PHONED AND MENTIONED THAT YOU SUSPECTED POISONING, WE WERE ALERTED OVER IN HOMICIDE!
STAN. CAMPBELL


IT'S POISON ALL RIGHT, MISS MALCOLM... SUPPOSE YOU TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE JUDGE'S DEATH!
T- THE JUDGE... MY UNCLE... HAD RETIRED FROM THE BENCH FOR MEDICAL REASONS JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO. SERGEANT WE LIVE ALONE IN THIS BIG HOUSE... THE TWO OF US, AND UNCLE JOHN'S SERVANTS.

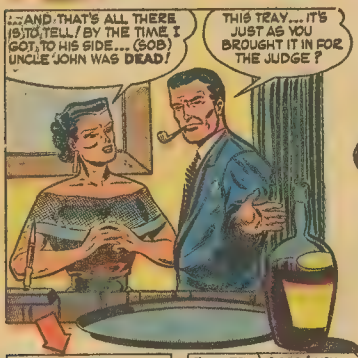
YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF UNCLE'S ECCENTRICITY... ALL OF HIS SERVANTS ARE MEN HE SENTENCED TO PRISON AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER! WITH EMPLOYEES LIKE THAT, HE'S ALWAYS BEEN CAUTIOUS... A LITTLE AFRAID OF REVENGE, I THINK/ THAT'S WHY I, PERSONALLY, PREPARE HIS FOOD... AND DRINK!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

"TONIGHT I HAD SCRUBBED HIS WINE GLASS, MYSELF... SELECTED ONE OF HIS FAVORITE BOTTLES OF PORT, AND BROUGHT THEM HERE TO THE LIBRARY..."
AH, THE EVENING SEDATIVE FOR A SICK, OLD MAN, EH? PUT IT DOWN, CHILD...
YOU WASHED THE GLASS YOURSELF, OF COURSE? GOOD! NOW PLEASE INDULGE ME IN ANOTHER QUIRK... I LIKE TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT EACH GLASS OF WINE I DRINK IS POURED FROM A BOTTLE WHICH STILL BEARS ITS ORIGINAL SEAL!
MALCOLM
JUST A PRECAUTION, MY DEAR. THIS BOTTLE LOOKS COMPLETELY SAFE... AND THE GLASS WHICH YOU WASHED IS PROBABLY... ER... RELIABLE / NOW THAT MY MIND'S AT EASE, I CAN ENJOY MY EVENING WINE!
YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED I DRINK ONLY ONCE FROM EACH BOTTLE... THE FIRST WINE POURED AFTER THE CORK HAS BEEN REMOVED! MY SERVANTS ARE GOOD, HARD WORKERS... BUT THE HUMAN MIND CAN BE STRANGE / ESPECIALLY WHEN IT INVOLVES SETTLING OLD SCORES! AH... HERE COMES THE CORK!
SPARKLING... SUPERB!
FINISH YOUR DRINK AND GET TO BED, UNCLE JOHN! YOU KNOW WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID...


L-LILA... T-THAT DRINK...
WHAT IS IT, UNCLE JOHN? SHALL... SHALL I CALL THE DOCTOR?

Y-YOU LOOK... LOOK AS IF...
ARGHHHH!


...AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO TELL! BY THE TIME I GOT TO HIS SIDE... (SOB) UNCLE JOHN WAS DEAD!
THIS TRAY... IT'S JUST AS YOU BROUGHT IT IN FOR THE JUDGE?

I HEAR THEM COMING.. ONE LAST STEP AND WE'RE READY! THE CORK'S BACK IN THE BOTTLE! NOW ALL I NEED IS A GLASS!

EXACTLY THE SAME... EXCEPT FOR THE GLASS UNCLE JOHN DROPPED!
IN THAT CASE, WILL YOU ASK THE SERVANTS IN HERE... WITHOUT MENTIONING THE JUDGE'S DEATH?

I'LL GET THEM RIGHT AWAY!
GOOD! YOU MEN REMOVE THE JUDGE'S BODY FROM THE ROOM!

THIS IS EDWARDS, THE GARDENER... PHELPS, UNCLE JOHN'S VALET... BRIGGS, THE BUTLER ...AND THE NEW MAN, WENDELL. HE'S SORT OF GENERAL ASSISTANT TO ALL THE OTHERS...
GLAD TO MEET YOU, GENTLEMEN! I'VE BEEN ASKED TO TELL YOU THAT THE JUDGE WILL NO LONGER NEED YOUR SERVICES! BUT FIRST...
...HE ASKED ME TO OFFER EACH OF YOU A DRINK TO PAST ASSOCIATIONS! SORT OF A TOAST TO YOUR LOYALTY!
LET'S SEE, NOW... HE WANTED THE FIRST ONE TO DRINK TO BE THE LAST ONE TO JOIN HIS HOUSEHOLD! THAT MEANS MR. WENDELL, I IMAGINE...
HERE, MR. WENDELL! COMPLIMENTS OF JUDGE MALCOLM!
YOU... YOU WANT ME TO DRINK THAT STUFF?
I THINK YOU BETTER, MR. WENDELL! IT'S WHAT THE JUDGE WANTED...
SAY... WHAT IS THIS, ANYWAY? WHEN I DON'T WANT TO DRINK, I DON'T!
AND RIGHT NOW! I DON'T WANT TO DRINK NOTHING THAT BELONGED TO THAT CRUMMY JUDGE MALCOLM!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

YOU CAN'T PULL THE WOOL OVER MY EYES... YOU GUYS ARE COPS! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU TUMBLED TO MY LITTLE STUNT...BUT YOU AREN'T GOING TO BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, SEE?
THAT'S THE CONFESSION I WANTED, WENDELL!
DROP THAT GUN, WENDELL! I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU IN...
I-I'M WARNING YOU... THIS GUN'S LOADED!
THE GUN MAY BE LOADED, MISTER... BUT YOU'RE NOT USING IT!
STAND BACK... I WARN YOU... UGH!
KRAK!
IF THE REST OF YOU ARE WONDERING WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE... AND TRAGIC. WENDELL, HERE, WANTED REVENGE ON THE JUDGE... AND SO HE POISONED HIM TONIGHT, BY REMOTE CONTROL!
THIS CORKSCREW IS THE WEAPON HE USED... AFTER LOADING IT WITH POISON. YOU SEE, THERE'S A PIN-POINT HOLE RUNNING FROM THE HANDLE RIGHT DOWN TO THE POINT! WHEN THE JUDGE INSERTED IT INTO THE CORK, THE POISON DRIPPED INTO THE UNOPENED BOTTLE OF WINE!
I PICKED THE FIRST DRINKER AT RANDOM! IF THE DRINK HAD BEEN ACCEPTED, I WAS PREPARED TO BREAK THE GLASS, ACCIDENTALLY! BUT WENDELL REFUSED THE DRINK BECAUSE HE KNEW THE WINE WAS POISONED... AND HE KNEW HE'D BE GULPING A SIP OF DEATH!
THE END

Sensational Get-Acquainted Offer to New Friends!

Don't Pay a Penny for these Newest Frocks!

YOU CHOOSE from more than 100 BEAUTIFUL STYLES

and make fine extra money even in your spare hours!

You've never read more exciting news! Think of taking your pick of more than 100 beautiful, colorful, latest-style dresses and making them your very own *without paying even one cent!* All you do now is mail the coupon at the bottom of this page. Don't send any money now or any time. You'll receive *absolutely free* the most thrilling display of gorgeous styles you ever saw . . . all the latest fashions . . . all the new miracle wonder fabrics like dacron, nylon, orlon . . . in convertibles, casuals, mix-and-match, separates—suits, sportswear, and hosiery and lingerie too! Just select the dresses you want for yourself and they're *yours* simply for showing the beautiful styles and sending only a few orders for friends, neighbors, co-workers, or members of your family. That's all! You don't pay one cent for your own dresses—and you can get dress after dress this easy way!

MAKE EXTRA MONEY TOO! The moment folks see the beautiful styles, the vast selection, and the *low, money-saving prices,* they want you to send to famous Harford Frocks for dresses just like them. And for sending us their selections you get your own dresses *without paying a single penny*—and, in addition, you collect and keep a generous cash profit for every order you send. Don't wait! We'll send you everything you need ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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Get them without paying one cent by using our plan! Adorably-styled, long-wearing dresses—including famous Dan River Ginghams . . . and also T-shirts, separates, mix-and-match, playwear, nightwear for children

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The dresses I used to buy I now get without paying for them! And I make $12.00 to $15.00 in a week spare time besides! DOROTHY HOUSER, Ala.

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My first experience with Harford Frocks netted me $15.00 in about 2 hours. It was fun, and I made new friends. Mrs. A.W. COLE, West Virginia

FREE! Just Mail Coupon Below!

Send no money! Just write your name, address, and dress size on coupon below (paste it on a postcard) and mail it, and we'll send you the big valuable style display so you can start at once getting your personal dresses without one cent of cost and collecting EXTRA CASH besides. Mail the coupon NOW!

HARFORD FROCKS, INC.
Dept. L-2179 Cincinnati 25, Ohio

PASTE ON POSTCARD—AND MAIL!

Harford Frocks, Inc., Dept. L-2179 , Cincinnati 25, Ohio

RUSH ABSOLUTELY FREE the big, valuable Harford Frocks Style Display so I can start quickly getting personal dresses without paying one penny for them, and make extra money in spare time besides.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

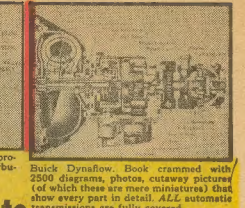
Dress Size _____ Age _____

FREE! Mail Coupon Now!

Cut-away diagrams make every operation easy. Above – Ford clutch.

Diagrams, tables and text take the "mystery" out of all ignition systems.

You get illustrated repair procedures for all types of carburetors.



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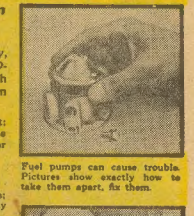

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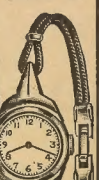

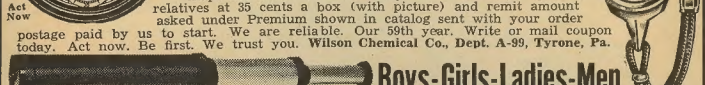

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